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**Verses on  
Modern Redemptive  
Philosophy**



BY  
DAVID A. EBERLY



With a Foreword and Explanatory Foot Notes by the Author  
Interpreting the Thought and Ideas Which  
He Has Sought to Express

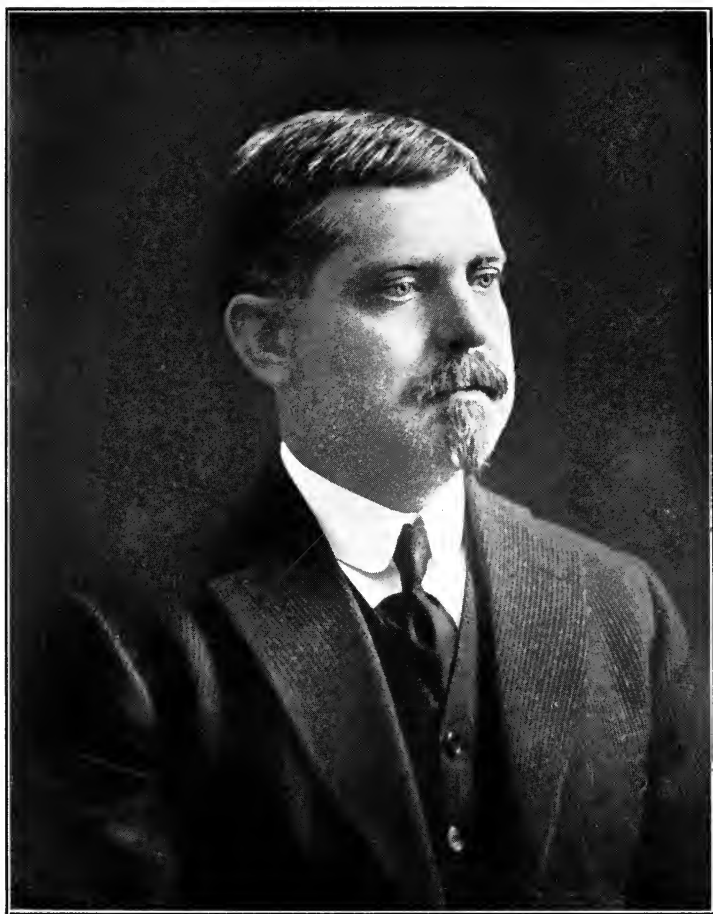
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*David A. Cherry*

# Verses on Modern Redemptive Philosophy



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PUBLISHED BY  
WEST COAST PRINTING COMPANY  
OAKLAND, CAL.

TO THOSE  
DUAL FATHERS AND DUAL MOTHERS

THE IMMEDIATE,

To Whom I am Indebted for an Unabridged Inheritance  
and an Increased Endowment of Christian Moral  
Character and True Intelligence Through the  
Devoted Love, Sacrifice and Abnegation  
of Their Consecrated Lives, and

THE ULTIMATE

That Ideal Father of Spiritual and Universal Love and Wisdom,  
And that Good, True and Patient Mother, the Earth,  
In Whom, by Whom and Through Whom  
I Have Lived and Had My Being  
In Every Real Sense

*These Verses are  
Reverently and Affectionately Dedicated*

NO. 1001  
J. A. Eberly  
Alameda, Cal.

Copyrighted, 1915  
By  
DAVID A. EBERLY  
Alameda, Cal.

ERRATUM: 10th line, first paragraph of Introductory, omitted as follows:

integral part, in the proper adjustment of which, an

## INTRODUCTORY.

The writing of this booklet has been a labor of love and its publication a matter of conscience. Three years or more was devoted to the studies leading to its production and it is the writer's purpose to dedicate it, disinterestedly, to the object for which it was written, that of aiding in the establishment of God's Kingdom among men and women by awakening a desire for a better understanding of their inseparable relationships with one another and with God through all the physical, vital, mental and governmental functions of which they form an intelligent, unifying religious worship is the only possible regulating medium. Such a religion would of necessity be democratic.

To this end, he has published and will distribute the present edition of one thousand copies at his own expense, but he hopes to receive co-operation and assistance, in the further extension of this work, from those of his readers with whom his views and expressions meet approval.

A coupon is attached, following this "Introductory," which may be filled out and copies will be sent as requested so far as funds so received will permit. It is suggested that a minimum of twenty-five cents be sent for each copy ordered. This will cover, it is thought, the expense of publishing and mailing, but the margin allowed for failure to reciprocate in this way is very small. Should any be especially interested and feel able to send larger amounts, the writer will employ such funds faithfully in the furtherance of this work and will make full accounting of all such funds in future editions, over the certificate and audit of a responsible committee of christian men and women appointed for that purpose.

The writer aims to initiate a broad, conscious movement for christian unity along natural lines, to which he believes all sincere and consecrated Americans, whatsoever be their sect or creed in religion or politics, may subscribe. To this end he has sought for a definition for religion and of Americanism, of christianity and of every related thought, that will unite them all under the folds of a common sacred banner, that of the Brotherhood of Man and the Principles of Democracy, as expressed and instituted in our nation.

It is his purpose, God permitting, not to use one cent of the funds derived from this source for his personal benefit, but to employ them, to the best of his ability, for the purpose indicated, the extension of a knowledge of God based upon the Christ teachings of all religions and of natural law and science as well. Truth is universal in kind whatsoever be its difference in degree.

Should his work receive recognition, he proposes to undertake the enrollment of such as subscribe to these broad principles, so far as he is given strength and support to do so, employing his personal funds and any surplus of funds derived as above outlined or as may hereafter be otherwise obtained to make this purpose effective. Subscriptions will be indicated by number and not by name, unless express permission be given otherwise. Personally and so far as the movement as a whole is concerned, the writer is opposed to any secrecy as he has a supreme faith in God and in Christ and confidence in the essential perfection in love and intelligence of God's highest creation on earth, man, if these qualities be effectively appealed to.

On one subject, the writer desires to express himself clearly so as to not be misunderstood. He is not of those who are opposed to military instruction, training and reasonable preparation, if these be undertaken with no spirit of aggressiveness or unwise and unseemingly haste and fear. He has seen seven years' service in the army and knows the value of good order and discipline to the individual in giving balance, self-control and character. But he is opposed to any hysterical stampeding in one direction or another. Let us get a good perspective of ourselves. Let us translate our aims and objects from that of dollars and cents and commercial profit and loss. Let us hallow and consecrate them to the good of all humanity and not of ourselves and we shall once and forever cut the fangs of the demon of militarism.

Christ, in every perfect or relatively perfect manifestation of Himself of which we have cognizance, was armed fully with power for good but was negative for evil. Let us arm ourselves in this spirit and cleanse ourselves internally of the spirit of evil, which is yet within us, and we shall not fear to assume every responsibility that may arise.

Helpful suggestions and criticisms are fully invited and will be given careful consideration. So far as may be, all communications directed in this spirit will be answered, but, for the present, this will be possible only to a limited degree. Later it may be that some medium of communication will be granted that will enable us to answer all such in the spirit of mutual helpfulness. None others will be answered.

Before closing this "Introductory," the writer wishes to say that he takes no merit to himself in any connection whatsoever with this work. He has no ax to grind and no selfish ambition to pander to. He and his family are, for the present, rationally provided for, and, for the rest, believing that wealth and power in excess of understanding and capacity to wisely use them to be curses and not blessings to their holders, he is content to let the future to the care and judgment of God.

DAVID A. EBERLY.

## 715

Dear Sir: Desiring to participate in the extension of the ideas expressed in your booklet, I am enclosing herewith the sums below mentioned to assist in the expense of same. Please send one copy of the booklet to each of the persons whose names and addresses are also below given, with (or without) my name inscribed as the donor:

[illegible]

Remarks:

Signed.....

Address:.....



## FOREWORD.

Several years ago, the writer undertook, for his own satisfaction, to write an analysis and explanation of some of life's enigmas from the view point of a practical man of affairs. Since young boyhood, he had been compelled to settle his own questions and had acquired that quality of ready judgment and decision that distinguish such men, definite and largely sub-conscious weighing and balancing of everyday problems from the standpoint of utility.

Had he then known, as he has since learned, that life is a continuous chain of causes and sequences, and that to find an answer to any single question pertaining to it necessarily involved the explanation of life itself and its pursuit from sequence to sequence back to its source in a primal cause, the magnitude of the subject and his own apparent inadequacy to approach it, would possibly have overcome him at the outset. In which case, he would never have known another truth of inestimable comfort and joy to all who have discovered it, that anyone, being as all of us are of the very essence of life and especially endowed with faculties for its interpretation, not only qualified but under the precise obligation to employ these faculties for this definite purpose, and to put ourselves into full harmony and correspondence with it.

The writer was fortunate in inheriting from his parents that greatest of gifts, a strong moral character based on the finest religious and spiritual instruction and example; but the beliefs and motives so derived, must have come, very early, into conflict with the facts and experiences obtained from other educational and practical sources, so that they were submerged into sub-consciousness, where they remained dormant until finally reawakened (and I hope broadened and vitalized) into effective command, as the result of this apparently casual and inconsequential (but in reality, the writer is now fully convinced, effectual and altogether sequential) attempt to satisfy his vanity and idle curiosity.

Had he suspected that he was about to open a portal in his personality which he would never again be able to close; through which an influence, a spirit, so all-powerful and compelling would immediately gain entrance as to completely change his whole nature; a task-master that would lead him to labors so arduous that his weak, human efforts, previously undertaken under the compulsion of circumstances, would seem small and pitiable in comparison; perhaps, again, he would have hesitated and permitted a weak and grovelling

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lower nature to continue to bind him in fetters, as it has indeed since sought, ineffectually, to do, time and again.

The writer will endeavor in this "Foreword", briefly as possible, to outline his matured impressions, and I may say, convictions, of the meaning of the Philosophy of Life that he has been permitted to develop and somewhat also of the processes leading to its production.

At first, his interest was directed toward the explanation of the historical significance of the various moral, religious and social codes, but he very soon reached the end of his capacity to follow these to any logical termination; explanations to seemingly simple questions evaded him continually, and, had he followed his own inclinations, he would have have given up to despair; but already the spirit had made him captive and would not release him; the finding of truth had assumed an importance that overshadowed every interest,—not to the extent of allowing him to neglect other duties and obligations, for his primary lesson had taught him that neglect of these would utterly unfit and incapacitate him for any progress,—but pleasures and pastimes, which had previously occupied a predominant interest, now assumed an altogether different status, that of servants to his aim, in keeping the body and mind healthy, giving them reasonable rest and relief, instead of being, as they formerly were, masters; and the same was true of money; it was only good insofar as it ministered, directly or indirectly, to the attainment of this one purpose.

But so long as the writer sought to depend upon himself, on his personal knowledge and experience, which he had heretofore depended upon habitually in dealing with everyday questions of utility, so long was he baffled. Until this time, he had placed no reliance upon anyone or anything but himself. It was inevitable that now, however, face to face with a question of supreme interest, toward the settlement of which every true impulse of his being was enlisted, he should set up a process altogether distinct and different; this may be likened to a process of waiting, of extension, of longing, of surrender.

It was at this time, when he had put himself in a perfectly receptive state, that the key was given him that eventually led him up to and through the gates of truth. It came in a most prosaic way, so that for a time he did not know that his wordless prayers had been heard and answered. One evening his little daughter asked him to help her to arrange some rhymes for certain words in her lessons for the next day, and, although he had never attempted anything of the kind before, he undertook to do so and, almost without effort, he found himself arranging rhymes and couplets into a finished jingle that

seemed sufficiently amusing at the time. So much so, that the following day he found himself forming another little descriptive poem about "The school where we go, I would have you all know, Is the best that ever was seen, etc." and following this several more, not without point and merit, but not being dedicated to the purpose for which the writer believes poesy is intended, that of the soul, they are not worth repeating here.

Naturally such an instrument could not long remain unrecognized, and very shortly it was at work again, this time bringing order out of the chaos of the writer's ideas and to this service he has ever since dedicated it; nor could he imagine himself again debasing it to lesser uses.

From the above, it will be seen, that the writer makes no claim to any wisdom or originality personal to himself, but he feels sure that he has, to say the least, been granted insight adequate for his own necessities, and just as his individuality is a product of the processes of creation in this age, so the Philosophy of Life, that he has found sufficient for his needs, should serve a like purpose for others, and, in view of the conditions surrounding its attainment, it would amount to criminal negligence if he failed to offer it to others.

The original aim was to find truth applicable to individual needs and therefore much that he has written is directed towards the study of processes affecting individual life and development. But it was inevitable that his investigations and studies should have led him to recognize that the individual is and must be subordinate to his environment. God, through nature, deals with individuals only in this relationship. Animals are altogether dependent creatures of their environment without any conscious realization of the direct creative role which they perform within it and human beings are purely animal until this realization is developed into consciousness. A subconscious realization of this takes place, however, in the young at a very early age, as a heritage from what might with propriety he termed this sub-Christian era, and this early sub-consciousness is gradually developed, under the stress of circumstances, into a perfunctory obedience to the implications which necessarily accompany it, that of responsibility for the conditions under which they live. But so long as this responsibility is kept submerged in subconsciousness, so long is the human being imperfect, self-willed and resistant, seeking excuses for nullifying and disobeying his best impulses. Social laws have their genesis in this subconsciousness. Moral law has its genesis in the fully awakened, alert consciousness. The former seeks to find freedom and liberty from this responsibility in the largest measure that circum-

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stances will permit. The latter seeks for freedom and liberty within this responsibility, by codifying its enactments in harmony with responsibilities to the fullest extent. Here we have two diametrically opposed propositions, which will account for the anarchaic mass of legal enactment and procedure with which we are trying to misgovern ourselves. Moral law is simple and direct. Social law is indirect, complicated, tangled and inefficient.

The allegory of Adam and Eve contains the essence of this truth as does all biblical moral causes and sequences, following one another in logical order from Adam to Abraham, Abraham to Moses, Moses to Elijah and from Elijah to Jesus, in whom The Christ found complete human expression; the concrete personification of moral law and a regnant spiritual unit governing and guiding human progress in the same immutable way that physical and chemical laws govern their spheres of action, in a perfection of harmony with the Divine Will or Ideal, all of which may be expressed perfectly in the single word consciousness or reactivity.

But how are we aware of this Divine Will or Ideal? Surely we know it by the factor by which we distinguish the living from the dead. That factor which is the very Holy Spirit of God, God's increasing (or evolutionary) desire that His creation shall know Him in spirit and in truth as their Heavenly Father who loves them and who desires them to adjust themselves in harmonious sympathy with Him and with one another. This can only be fully attained by those religious observances which awaken and bring into our lives this state, condition and relationship to the fullest extent; that of song, prayer, worship and communion and the intelligent study of God's word and of His handiwork, all consciously directed to the production of effective results in the life which God has given us.

Now what is the distinctive guiding factor in purely animal consciousness? Isn't it love, instinctive but nevertheless love, upon which depends self-preservation, in its external sense; that guides the lamp of life up the long gradient from the protozoa to the human form, in one direction, and from the protophyte to the highest corresponding organic development in vegetation, in another?

Again isn't love the distinctive guiding factor in human consciousness? Love on the brink of consummation and full fruitage, which by reason of direct contact with its essence, in ever so slight a degree, acquires the power of self-expression and definition, thereby becoming an intelligent personality, and which is potentially capable of perfection, when intelligence and love, having become completely harmonious

and reactive, produce true or ideal intellectuality. These three stages are marked by three conditions of reactivity. In the animal by sensation; in the human by aspiration; and in the finished form by inspiration, in which we see God face to face, and knowing His will, endeavor without ceasing to obey it and to throw off the fetters that yet bind us to error, sin and evil.

Are we not fully aware that in Jesus this will, this ideal, this Christ condition was fully and perfectly expressed? That, notwithstanding His sublime power to resist and destroy, the glad and willing self-surrender to pain, suffering and death was necessary to show mankind the nature of love divine and teach us the road to God? What voice do we listen to when we hear it said that christianity is an impractical idealism? That it has no place in practical affairs? True it is, I grant you, that christianity, as professed and practised in its autocratic and sectarian forms has thus far missed the mark. But these, it should be remembered, are formative, preparative states, fitting us—gradually but certainly—to finally overcome and throw off the powers of darkness, not alone as individuals and churches, but as nations and races, to the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth. The teachings of Christ are at every point harmonious with the facts of biology and biological evolution, and through the study of these, the sciences of life, of God's handiwork, the direction and true purpose of christianity will be clarified and better understood. But this study should be undertaken with reverence and consecration.

Another parallel will give a simple explanation of the states and conditions of existence and of being. In the elementary and mineral states, God gradually built up the foundation structure of the universe, perfectly subject to divine law and order, and found it good. In the organic kingdoms he begets sensate beings to whom he acts as tutor or teacher, instructing, correcting, winnowing, grading and guiding these creatures of his making; arrived at the human state of being, he admits us to apprenticeship in which we are honored with a limited freedom as His assistants, but still incapacitated for assuming full control. Here the teacher has become converted into an employer, master or critic. Finally, the apprenticeship completed and having arrived at master-craftsmanship, He will admit us to full and unlimited partnership. But this can only have its ultimate accomplishment when we shall have worked out our destiny on earth by the establishment of God's Ideal Kingdom among men.

In Jesus this consummation was complete. In Him, love and intelligence was perfectly harmonized into a free intellectual entity; by His teachings, example and atonement, this

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state and condition is made available to all humanity; but Christ's Kingdom is to be established here on earth among men, so far as we are now concerned. The mistake which has heretofore been made by the high priests of esthetical "osophies" and religious cults and paganisms of the unreality and, as well, by most christian doctrinaires until the advent in recent times of exact scientific knowledge, has been, in imagining that we can enter the Kingdom of God by any other road than by the establishment of His Kingdom on earth. God's Kingdom on earth with the Christ Intellect governing and reigning is not an impractical idealism; it is the only practical materialism. Nothing else is practical whatsoever, as we shall eventually learn. The disciples asked Jesus, "Who then may be saved?" referring to the statement of Christ that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. To this Jesus answered saying, "With men this were impossible; but with God all things are possible." Some day, and I believe that right soon, christianity will be freed from the necessity of evading such a positive statement of Jesus by means of subterfuge; it is apparent that the disciples did not seek to so evade it by seeking some figurative needle's eye large enough for a camel to pass through with difficulty; nor did Jesus in His final answer leave room for any such an assumption. The parables of Jesus and every term he used were positive, not one was negative. Jesus did not know how God would finally get rid of the curse of riches and the consequent curse of poverty; He only knew that they were incompatible with the Kingdom of God and that they would certainly be gotten rid of in God's good time. And so they will. Satan says they won't and seeks to entrench himself behind subterfuge. Christ says they will. Which will win?

Now let us take stock of the actual environment at present entrusted to us as apprentices for our experimentation and edification. At this time, men and women, churches and nations face a situation pregnant with possibilities, involving in their solution, as but only once before, the salvation or damnation of mankind.

Students and observers of every branch of human knowledge have noted two characteristics in the evolutionary processes of creation; one of slow growth and development; the other a critical, cataclysmic stage, marking profound organic change.

This is true of all the natural kingdoms of which we have cognizance, and also of the spiritual kingdom so far as we have attained reactivity to it.

Happily for the optimist, notwithstanding innumerable

evidences of retrogression, error and incident evil, in both of these kingdoms, the steps of progress are still more clearly marked, and even that which from direct view presents aspects of unmitigated evil, indirectly or on the reverse, presents invariably a picture of worth and utility, so that he is justified in his faith in the integrity of the whole.

If however his philosophy leads him to self-satisfaction, inactive contentment and stagnation, basking in a surfeit of material well-being; if he considers all things from the standpoint of individual and personal benefit—and in this should be included every narrowing influence of family, class, sect, nation and race,—or indeed from any viewpoint that does not widen itself so as to include all humanity; far better for him had he suffered some great physical handicap, such as blindness, in order that his vision might have been directed inward.

Churches and nations are as much subject to this law as individuals. The spirit and teachings of the age have been just some such an optimism, where they have not indeed passed beyond, to the production of a desructive pessimism. These conditions have been obscured and hidden by great activity in material directions, and qualified by certain well-insulated forms of charity and public spirit, but, in the main, blind or deaf to the deep inwardness of the impulse for a wider and purer application of unselfishness, not alone in its individual, but particularly in its religious, national and racial aspects.

Europe is reaping the harvest of its self-satisfied optimism on the one hand, and its blatant pessimism on the other. Notwithstanding, out of these, when the present frightful cataclysm is past, every true optimist of balanced judgment is justified in anticipating that ultimate great good shall come, in the revival and extension to wider spheres of application of the only true and perfect optimism of Christ.

But what of this great nation; what of ourselves; we Americans, citizens as we are of a great christian commonwealth, be we Jew or Gentile, be we followers of Mohammed, Buddha, Brahma, Confucius or of Jesus, be we Protestant or Catholic, be we from the shores of Europe, Asia or Africa or from the Isles of the sea; let us hear and know the truth, yes and from henceforth speak it; that in accepting citizenship in this Great Altruistic Republic; in subscribing to its doctrines of Freedom, Liberty and interdependence within the Law, not of man, but of Nature and Nature's God, we become, consciously, sub-consciously or unconsciously, whatsoever else we are or think we are, followers of Christ and Children of God.

And happy shall we, of this great nation be,—created as it was from profoundly spiritual elements and under profoundly dramatic circumstances; heirs to a virgin soil and a virgin philosophy; with an internal and external history showing great virility and marked reactivity to advanced human conceptions of altruism, as was evidenced in the result of our civil war, in the liberation of the slaves and our subsequent reconstruction on a broader, truer and firmer basis; in our unselfish attitude in Cuba, Porto Rico and The Philippines and towards Japan, China, Mexico and other countries; in our Doctrine of Monroe as expressed and frequently applied;—happy shall we indeed be, if we shall adequately fulfil our manifest destiny, especially in the face of present actualities, by now awakening and bringing to full maturity our national conscience and consciousness, so as to cleanse ourselves—not superficially, like the Chinaman, to save our face—but inwardly by rededicating and reconsecrating ourselves, and if need be reorganizing and reconstructing our whole basic life, with full awareness, so as to conform in all things to the Ideal of Christ, which is the Will of God. In no other way can we hope to win a felicity that is worth while, that of a divine destiny divinely fulfilled, which alone is capable of justifying us to ourselves and to God, either as individuals, churches or nations.

Christ spoke as one having authority, and so this nation, out of its heritage of Christ's spirit as embodied in its fundamental laws and declarations and in most of its statutes, its peculiar experiences and composite citizenship, shall be called, in the fullness of time, to speak with conscious authority to the whole world, and if need be suffer martyrdom for its principles.

But how may this be, if we as citizens and organic sects and bodies deny to our nation her true place in our hearts and minds; that deep reverence and respect that shows itself, not in loud-mouthed and self-seeking patriotism or in narrow, weak and selfish class and sectarian pharisaism, but which causes us to be awake and jealous of her honor in little as in big things; that subordinates, understandingly, individual, sectarian and corporate interests to the nation's higher interests, not alone in times of trial and of danger, but in days of peace and plenty; that considers the conservation of her resources, the public funds, the honest and careful administration of her affairs, be they great or small, as sacred; that is, above all, ever watchful that that highest quality of divinity, Pure Justice, tempered by love and mercy, shall be meted in her name, equally to the high and low, the strong and the weak; and finally, that is at all times mindful that her spiritual integrity be not undermined by insidious enemies, but that it

be conserved, deepened, strengthened and clarified, until in this nation, The Christ, Humanity's Hope, shall again find complete and perfect conscious expression.

Jesus was human in his temptation; satan was with him in the wilderness. So also is this nation human, but like Jesus, it has a divine destiny. Satan is here also in our midst, and he will never be conquered until we set about consciously to conquer him, with a perfect realizing sense of our power, through The Christ, to do so. Jesus did not conquer satan unconsciously; satan's power never was unconsciously overcome. His strength lies in unconsciousness and in lack of consciousness to responsibilities to God and to His creation and it is only through the awakened consciousness to these obligations that The Christ can fully enter to guide us over the only possible road of progress.

Terrible had it been for humanity had Jesus failed us in His temptation, we his christian followers must believe, and even so, terrible shall it certainly be for this nation and for humanity, if it fail in these days of its temptation.

Unconsciousness and sub-consciousness can lead us to the cross-road but only full consciousness can give us light to recognize the cross and strength to assume and bear its burden, not only without complaints and rebellion, but with great joy that we should thus highly honored and trusted by God.

If the underlying idea of the writer is duly apprehended, the reader of these poems should be harmoniously led to the thought which I have sought to express in this "Foreword", with compelling force upon every human and divine relationship, in individual, family, political,, social and religious life. Should this aim be effected in any degree whatsoever then his labor shall not have been in vain.

In closing the writer wishes to make grateful acknowledgment to Mr. John Boardman of Iloilo, P. I., for the use of his library and to the Rev. Chas. L. Mears of the First Congregational Church of Alameda, Cal., for the inspiration derived from association with him and with the broad minded church membership of which he is the honored leader, which has permitted the writer to get into renewed touch with the organic Life of Christ. This is said without any spirit of criticism for other forms of christian development, all of which the writer has come to know are performing important and necessary functions towards the production of a common result.

THE AUTHOR.

Alameda, Cal., August 2, 1915.



## A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Oh! Thou Law of Laws and Judge of Judges!  
Oh! Thou Ruler of Rulers and Father of Fathers!  
Thou in whom all order and purpose, beauty and harmony  
exists!

Thou through whom we have all knowledge and realization!

Oh! Thou Giver of all good and gracious gifts!

To Thee we bow our humiliated heads in supplication.

Pardon, Thou, Thy children's willful, wayward folly;

That still resists Thy proffered love and care;

Still blindly follows after God's of Self unholy;

That once again has led them into hell's dark depths of black  
despair.

Send Thou once more to us Thy gracious guidance;

That we may yet again assure our faltering souls,

That Thou, indeed, art God of Hope and not of Vengeance;

That, Thou, indeed, art He of whom The Christ extolled.

Oh! Lord forgive, we pray Thee, our stiff-necked pride;

Our self-conceit, vanity, greed and guile;

That time on times unnumbered Thy Radiant Light has  
crucified;

Oh! once more grant us vision of Thy sweet, forgiving smile.

Hasten, quickly hasten, Lord, the breaking of Thy day,

When mankind's bitter, selfish battle shall be won,

When through Thy earthly children's minds, a ray,

Direct from Thee, shall freely go and come;

Whereby one and all shall see and know and fully realize

Thine ordered love, which beats and pulses through Thy  
universe,

Is the only source and fountain for the wise,

Whose living waters alone can quench hell's burning thirst.

## THE GOAL OF PROGRESS.

Intelligence in man is a growing germ,  
A burning, glowing, restless flame,  
That penetrates its eager, resistless way  
Through every state and realm and clime;  
It scales the heights, explores the grave;  
No gloom too dark, nor depth too deep,  
Nor distance too great to brave.  
Yea, Infinity itself, doth challenge;  
That every secret of suns and worlds afar,  
Like those of scarce nearer range,  
Buried within the microscopic cell  
Of cytoplasm and chromosomes, \*1  
Electron, atom and phantom ray, all shall tell  
Their tale complete, yield up  
Time's garnered stores of experience;  
A pure and nutrient fruit; a just inheritance  
And fitting to the actual mortal soul  
By man achieved; attained  
Through countless cycles  
Of progressive order and cataclysmic change;  
(Intelligence intuitive, reactive, real;  
Ignorance rebellious, retroactive, unreal.)  
Love, life and joy; sin, death and pain,  
Mutinous in service and sacrifice  
To the Almighty Ideal that overrules;  
Which now in him lives, labors, fights  
And wins an ever wider, conscious sway;  
In Jesus, The Christ, first human born, complete and pure,  
Was gladly shed the redeeming flood of innocence;  
A vital, widespread, regnant spore;  
For which each mental cell of anabolic sense,  
Must eager wait and welcome give that catabolic force; \*2  
Until shall fully germinate and reproduce  
Pure Intellects Immortal, a worthy race,  
Conditioned to live and know All Truth,  
Perfected to react in God's Supernal Environment.

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\*1. See footnote on pp. 31.

2. Anabolism and catabolism (or katabolism) are two corresponding phases of metabolism, that is of the life processes. In anabolism, we have a synthetic or building up process, or assimilation. In catabolism, this is reversed with the liberation of energy. Catabolism and anabolism go on together, but one may predominate and obscure the other.

The anabolic power of animal cells is small and catabolism (in consequence of their greater activity) is usually greater

## THE PHILIPPINES. \*1

As from my azotea, \*2  
I sit and contemplate,  
This mystic, tropic beauty,  
I can feel my soul dilate;  
That to me it has been given,  
This grandest privilege,  
To spend some years of living,  
In this divine mirage.

To hear the tender lipping  
Of the gentle south monsoon, \*3  
Its sweetness freely sipping,  
Nature's concentrate perfume,  
Absorbed from sea girt Isles,  
Then o'er her heaving bosom  
Full many a thousand miles  
Carried to this Garden Eden.

To see the glowing eye  
Of morning in the East,  
Arising in majesty;  
No other clime such feast  
Of regal might and power,  
Within its light and heat,  
A promise to endower  
The earth with life complete.

---

than in plants; the former require complex, organic substances (proteids, carbohydrates, fats, etc.) as nutriments, and secrete simple substances, as water, carbon dioxide, urea, etc., as the products of catabolism. In contradistinction, the cells composing the green tissues of plants are highly anabolic, building up these very substances required by the animal organism, carbohydrates from the carbon dioxide of the air by photosynthesis, and utilizing these substances with the nitrates and other mineral salts absorbed from the soil in the construction of these complex compounds, and also in various useful secretions and by-products.

A balance is continually taking place between these two interdependent phases which is a source of never ceasing wonder and delight to the intelligent observer, and when fully understood, in their relationship to the processes of reproduction and their bearing on progressive development, their lesson to the seeker of truth is conclusive.

Here we see Creation,  
As though before the fall,  
In the act of waking  
Her highest form of all,  
By Her magic beauty  
To primal self-consciousness,  
In abundance, all necessity  
Supplying his weakness.

Here man, his eyes uplifted  
To kindly Providence,  
Is clearly most unfitted,  
By his dependence,  
Himself to elevate,  
Control his destinies,  
Without the guide and mandate,  
That experience decrees.

Yet they who come to govern,  
Must also recognize,  
That rapid change and aspect stern,  
With no desire to sympathize,  
Or keep their ideals pure,  
Will cause degeneration  
To their unformed character,  
Instead of elevation.

As for the natives gentle,  
They will come to realize,  
With joy and thanks, most grateful,  
That nature's ways are wise;  
For to them the choice was given,  
To escape life's fuller knowledge,  
Man's deeper wage of sin,  
His sacrificial heritage.

---

1. In this poem, the writer has sought to convey his idea, obtained from sixteen years of intimate observation of the meaning of life in a primitive, tropical environment. Heretofore man has had little or no necessity to be active or progressive; only a hitherto restricted external contact has awakened appetites, desires and ambitions which the abundance of a provident nature cannot directly supply; but, even so, the relative ease with which these can be satisfied does not tend to develop much individual capacity, but has, in a way, produced a racial and national self-consciousness which is demanding, somewhat incoherently, its right to a normal

Then again to mother nature,  
Can turn and meditate,  
Her varied form and feature,  
Sufficing to satiate,  
The needs of all her children,  
If only we obey,  
The call to duty bidden  
To each, from day to day.

Learn in their setting sun,  
Its glory in the West,  
That paints the mighty dome  
Above the mountain crest,  
That lights their azure sea  
With such iridescence,  
That blind indeed were he,  
Its lesson not to sense.

And in their dreamful moon's delight,  
Whose beams through waving palm leaves  
glide,  
That in mystery gild their night,  
Find faith that will abide,  
And calm their vanity,  
Content their hearts and minds,  
That in sharing nature's purity  
Still greater wealth shall find.

---

development. Our duty, in the premises, would seem to be, out of our wider and more profound experiences, to see that this privilege be not denied, but that it be given true and right direction. In doing this conscientiously, we will gain both in character and in material well-being, as much or more than we give.

\*2. An "azotea" is a wide verandah or roof garden.

3. The monsoons are the periodical winds which blow, in the Indian Ocean, from the south west from April to October, and from the northeast the other part of the year. During the latter period they bring with them the rains which are so essential to the productivity of the soil, while the former is marked by warm, dry weather, during which the crops are planted and harvested. They fulfill functions similar, but simpler and more benign, to those performed by the ruder climatic changes of the temperate zones.

When one can be located so as to receive the benefit of these usually gentle breezes, the climate is as near that of paradise as is conceivable.

## NATURE'S SECRET.

### (SEEK THOU THE LIGHT).

Nature, in the making  
Of this good old mundial sphere  
Pursued a wondrous plan,  
Her secret deeply hiding  
In the slefish blindness  
Of Her highest product, Man.

Where'ere our eyes we turn,  
We see Her just beyond,  
Whispering, calling, beckoning,  
Yet ne'er the lesson learn,  
Although 'tis written clear  
In all things, dead and living.

Her bounty, freely given  
To each of us and all,  
We grasp like misers :  
Thus Her hope is fallen  
By mental man destroyed,  
Self-centered cowards! Traitors!

Think ye Her patience endless?  
Seek the lesson in the skies,  
Of Her never ceasing effort  
To devise, some worthier process,  
Which gained, will then consign  
Us to oblivion and forget.

Consider ye the lily,  
The horse, the bee, the bird,  
With joy fulfilling duty ;  
Then ask thine Ego, silly,  
What use thy mental manhood,  
If not to seek the truth.

Meditate thy lowly origin,  
Learn it whence thou wilt,  
In science or theology ;  
Nor think thus far hadst come  
Save as by heritage  
Of sacrifice to knowledge.

Nor that thy course yet finished;  
The heights as yet attained,  
Of Nature's projection;  
While yet through ye is tarnished,  
By selfish evil stained,  
Her efforts for perfection.

This thine end and aim;  
To develope within thee,  
Perfect Spirituality,  
Immortality to gain;  
Throw off thy finite fetters  
For Infinite Eternity.

Know ye thou art in prison,  
Enchained by worldliness,  
Self thy tyrant keeper;  
Straining for light and freedom  
Within thy very being,  
Unselfish spirit suffers.

In answer to thy failure,  
A sign and proof was given,  
Thy weakness to assist;  
Of perfection in Nature,  
Her ultimate sacrifice,  
That faith on earth persist,

Who then, as now, for gold was sold,  
His life and death a parable  
That time shall surely fathom;  
The simple meaning true unfold,  
That Nature's God is crucified  
'Till mankind conquers mammon.

## MY ISLE.

Seekest thou contentment and peace and happiness?

    Come with me.

I know of an Isle, in a rainbow sea,

    Of blessedness,

Where pain and sorrow cease.

As we sail along, we will leap,

Leaving the cowards behind;

In its waters cleanse deep,

Bid farewell to the blind;

And our faith will bear us along

Until we reach the shore,

Where our hearts will join in the song,

Joy and gladness forevermore.

Wouldst know the secret of wisdom and knowledge?

    Come with me.

To my wonderful Isle in its magic sea,

    Whose outer edge

Is where ignorance turns to perception.

When our feet touch its golden strand,

And the light in its fullness we see,

In the beat of the surge on the sand,

Joining deep in complete harmony:

In the voices that laden the breeze,

By the tones that burden the song,

In the chords as they strike through the trees,

Inspire perfect realization.

Is freedom from sin they desire, and rest?

    Come with me.

To my peaceful Isle, in its glistening sea,

    And know the best,

That faith and hope can require.

Pillowed in roses and moss,

Whose perfume supreme and divine,

Is wafted through garden and forest,

Filled with glory from every clime;

Hate, passion, envy and jealousy

In exile without the door;

Love, faith, hope and charity

The keys to admit rich and poor.

## REALIZATION.

Across the breadth of the land,  
We see it full teeming with life,  
    Strata on strata rising,  
    Masses by classes surviving,  
Seeking outlet on every hand,  
Facing inevitable strife;  
That shall teach every state its condition  
And relation to approaching fruition.

Science is learning the secret,  
And conquering the cause of disease,  
    Aided by sanitation,  
    Supported by education,  
All life, noxious and parasite,  
Destroying and giving release;  
Removing this cause and condition  
That retards the approaching fruition.

Ingenuity by mechanism  
Is increasing productiveness;  
    By means of dynamic power,  
    Releasing vitalic labor;  
Elevating from their abysm,  
Vital units in form rendered useless;  
Whose decrease but marks the condition  
That foreshadows the approaching fruition.

The nations shall yet be united  
In true community of interest,  
    Recognizing interdependence  
    Of regions, zones and races.  
Governments shall everywhere be freighted  
With efforts supreme against contest;  
Christ's mission on earth this condition,  
The bud of approaching fruition.

Society itself is reacting,  
Even religion, sect and creed;  
    In closer rapprochement,  
    Their lesson learnt,  
That truth is in everything;  
Pure philosophy the seed;  
That teaches man his condition  
And place in approaching fruition.

Capital and labor organic,  
At last are finding their sphere,  
    Of action coordinate,  
    In union cooperate  
Harnessed to law with rein and bit,  
Guiding their progress and purpose here;  
By struggles grim shall be taught their condition  
And part in advancing approaching fruition.

Wealth and power are learning,  
Their utter worthlessness,  
    If gained and spent,  
    Without intent,  
To satisfy their longing,  
To lift up God's masses,  
Unconsciously by their condition,  
Showing the earth is approaching fruition.

In the debris that marks the pathway,  
To the heights of present attainment,  
    On nature's pages  
    Down the ages  
There's the impress deep on her sub-conscious  
    memory  
Which arises to promise fulfilment,  
And illumines God's recorded condition,  
To have faith in the approaching fruition.

Even womankind has broken her fetters,  
That bound her in bonds from below;  
    Demanding and taking,  
    Her just part in creating,  
Not alone purer mansions by nature,  
But environments where clean souls may grow,  
Thus showing God needs her condition  
To perfect His approaching fruition.

So we'll dedicate our free intellects,  
To aid in the consummation  
    Of this wonderful labor  
    Of God Almighty through nature,  
By broadening the room at the apex,  
Of her pyramid "Evolution".  
Thus proving we know our condition,  
And our place in approaching fruition.

And oft' though the powers of pessimism,  
Lead us down through the depths of hell;  
    Need we weep and pine?  
    While God's spark Divine,  
The pure, sweet tones of His optimism,  
Strikes full and clear as from a vibrant bell,  
With His living proof through all changing conditions,  
That His love on earth shall attain full fruition.

---

\*NOTE: This poem was written several years ago, while in the Philippines. The fourth verse then read in the present, active tense, but has since been adjusted to bring it into harmony with actualities in Europe, which does not in any wise effect the poem's significance as the motive in the first stanza shows the writer's realization that more or less profound cataclysmic action was still necessary to mold humanity into harmony. The last verse was added also for a similar reason. Thus the war in Europe is made to occupy its true place and importance in the scheme of things; that of an incident, necessary in its implications, but unworthy of being elevated to the heights the retro-actionaries would have us believe. Its purpose is, and must be salutary, and sooner or later, by this or some other cataclysm, humanity shall finally be brought into adjustment in their national and racial relationships, as well as individual, in harmony with the Divine Will, Ideal and Purpose of God.

The writer hopes that the time is ripe for the establishment of this realized relationship, in this country at least, as the result of free, conscious, voluntary conviction which may be expressed in peaceful action in such wise as to serve all nations and all races as a model of this ideal.

## THE GUARDIANS.

### I.

Modern woman; Caucasian woman;  
Nature is weighing you now in her balance;  
Occident and orient are now in her scales,  
To be measured and voided if false to their chance.

Nature don't care and nature don't listen;  
To your vaulting esthetics; your loud-sounding noise;  
She won't take excuses or hear your pet vagaries;  
She demands that true goods be delivered, not toys.

With you, in full faith, she banked all her hopes;  
Invested in you all her savings and treasure;  
Soon she will ask a full statement accounting;  
How will your merchandise balance and measure?

Come down from the clouds; attend to your business;  
None will dare rob or deny you full pay;  
For the excellence of service and the beauty of sacrifice,  
To The Christ, not to men, for this strength you must pray.

### II.

Modern man; Caucasian man:  
Think not you escape unscathed if you shirk;  
Money and glory are lighter than feathers,  
If not weighted and freighted with God's consecrate work.

God does not care and God does not listen  
To your scoundrel complaint of your companion woman:  
'Tis yours to cherish, uplift and assist her,  
Not to degrade and then spurn and abandon.

Nature to woman entrusted her treasure;  
Of you God demands self-control and dominion;  
His covenant sealed with the blood of the cross  
Till The Christ reappears to establish His kingdom.

Then awake and return from the tending of swine,  
From your vile mess of pottage and husks;  
Your Father is waiting and longing to greet you,  
If you'll only surrender and return to your trust.

---

In the reference to "woman" in the preceding poem, "Realization", the writer recognized woman's right to extend her sphere of influence in a rational way. But it is the height of folly for her, as it is also for man, not to recognize their limitations.

Woman is and must be predominantly anabolic. Man is and must be predominantly catabolic. The two must harmonize on the common plane of metabolism. This is only ideally possible when they mutually seek for understanding at the fount and source of these processes, in prayer and communion with God and with nature and with one another.

## CONSECRATED.

To feel pure and clean,  
Freed from sin and desire,  
Satisfied with duty well done  
Whatever reward it may bring;  
Knowing beyond peradventure,  
Filled to your depths with content,  
Heart, mind and soul satisfied,  
At peace with God and with nature.

If you want to do wrong,  
Then you can't do wrong,  
Isn't it wonderful!  
Isn't it beautiful!  
Isn't it peaceful!

To be sure beyond question or doubt,  
That your debt to the world shall be paid,  
Fulfilled and fulfilling true aim  
In action, in deed, word and thought;  
Seeking not man's applause or his praise,  
Accepting good or evil, the same,  
Knowing that truth will suffice,  
To vanity no longer a slave.

If you want to do wrong,  
Then you can't do wrong,  
Isn't it wonderful!  
Isn't it beautiful!  
Isn't it peaceful!

To see in its fulness the light,  
As it flows in heat from the sky,  
As it gleams and glistens the wave,  
Shining by day and by night.  
To realize our conception of things  
Is but proof of the wonder beyond,  
To which this life and its labor  
Completed, perfect answer brings.

If you want to do wrong,  
Then you can't do wrong,  
Isn't it wonderful!  
Isn't it beautiful!  
Isn't it peaceful!

To be in complete harmony,  
With each impulse supreme,  
That flows through the universe,  
In perfect synchrony ;  
To feel in the depths of your being  
Each string of will true keyed,  
To react to the delicate touch  
Of Sensate Nature's fingering.  
    If you want to do wrong,  
    Then you can't do wrong,  
    Isn't it wonderful!  
    Isn't it beautiful!  
    Isn't it peaceful!

To read the promise that's written,  
More clear than that on the wall,  
In geology, botany, biology,  
Astronomy, force, all Creation :  
Thus to turn unafraid to the future,  
Facing birth, life and death and their stings,  
Secure in the confident justice,  
To be measured by the Almighty of Nature.  
    If you want to do wrong,  
    Then you can't do wrong,  
    Isn't it wonderful!  
    Isn't it beautiful!  
    Isn't it peaceful!

## HUMANITY AWAKEN.

Oh! for words to awaken  
The world to appreciation  
And knowledge of itself.  
To make men think and ponder,  
To question and to wonder,  
Their why and wherefore felt.

Oh! for power and command,  
To make them understand  
Their futile efforts,  
To find joy in wealth and pleasure,  
Gained, but lost the treasure,  
That sacrifice imparts.

Oh! to clearly show the cost,  
That by winning is lost,  
Beyond redemption;  
Of trying to repay  
When nearing their day  
Of justification.

That they seize their opportunity,  
In surrender to duty  
While yet they may.  
By learning truth and wisdom  
Taught clearly in the system  
Of nature's way.

Oh! to aid them to felicity  
To be gained by simple purity  
Of thought and motive;  
By lifting up the prostrate,  
Giving happiness to elevate,  
Their hope superlative.

Oh! ye men and women,  
Ye blind to every vision,  
Around, about;  
Look and see and listen,  
Awaken to your mission,  
No longer doubt.

Oh! ye blind that lead the blind,  
Rise up and free your minds,  
Of unfaithfulness.  
Examine and give credence  
To nature's truth and evidence,  
True Christliness.

Away ye creeds unfounded,  
By human weakness bounded,  
In misconception.  
Suffice the simple teaching,  
Christ's life and death beseeching,  
Self-martyrdom

And give to patient science,  
Support and full compliance,  
In trust and faith.  
That through her shall discover,  
Our right to live recover,  
And conquer death.

---

This poem was written without a knowledge, since obtained, of the completeness with which modern theology, generally speaking, has adapted and harmonized itself, to the new dispensation of truth founded upon the facts of science; and also with only a very academic knowledge, since happily verified as taking place literally, of the grand reciprocity of action, reaction and interaction of proof which is taking place between the two, leading to a correlation of understanding between two interdependent modes of comprehension, the reveled, inspired and emotional, and the experimental and scientific.

However the necessity for a fuller appreciation of this interdependence is still very great, especially among certain reactionary sects and some recent spiritual movements of the purely emotional type, which still blindly seek to deny, stem and retard this united current of truth, the one branch of which is as truly divine as the best that can be claimed by the other; and also, in order that all those blasphemers of the name of God and of Christ Jesus, who, claiming direct heritage of divine authority, either temporal or spiritual, seek for their own advantage to enslave and, as a consequence, degrade humanity, by the very means which God gave for his freedom and salvation, his independent intellect and judgment.

Science, as it becomes fuller understood, will act as a clarifying agent for truth, permitting in a greater degree than heretofore, and indeed compelling eventually the realization and comprehension of truth and of righteousness in a manner that will purify all our relationships with one another and with God.

## THE CATACLYSM OF HATE.

The Dragons of Hate are rampant,  
Unfurled are the banners of war,  
With peal of cannon and shriek of shell,  
The Nations of Europe rush down into hell,  
Deaf to the trumpet sound, lost in the roar,  
First call of the Master to Judgment.

Then enter ye slaves of passion,  
With your surfeit of doubt and distrust,  
The arena is ready, and hungry the beast,  
Forward then! Steady! On with the feast!

Render your Ceasers their dues of lust,  
Reek not nor reckon the weak that are crushed,  
The weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth  
Are but echos that rise from the swords ye unsheath,  
The hearths that are blackened, the babes left unfed,  
Wives, mothers and sisters alone with their dread.

Drink deep of the cup, brimful, overflowing  
With the gall and the wormwood of forty years brewing.  
Loudly acclaim your proud fetish of race,  
Yea, loud must it be if it drown your disgrace.  
Praise ye, your false prophets of power and might  
Mayhap by your praises the black shall be white.

Widespread the swath of the earth's tribulation,  
That out of her anguish may arise new creation;  
Feed well your monsters with envy and hate,  
Thus the earth ye shall free from their burden ingrate,  
The vipers that too long have fed at her breast,  
Deaf to her passionate love and behest,  
That all her counsels to patience have spurned,  
Yea, even the Gospels of Christ have unlearned.

But to those of us granted true vision and light,  
The Nations The Christ has placed on His right,  
Let us hasten and heed to His trumpet call,  
Let us trim our wicks, fill our lamps with oil,  
Make haste for the bridegroom cometh,  
And woe unto them whom His coming shunneth.  
Yes, hasten and cleanse out our platter and cup,  
For His service ready when he cometh to sup,  
From extortion and excess purified,  
Not only the surface, but also inside.

Lift high our voices in anthems of praise,  
With His crown of thorns on our banner raise,  
Him be our mottoe, in His Love, hope and trust;  
For Christ is no myth, but God's Prince of Compassion.

For to Him alone shall hate recumbent,  
Yield up the red banners of war,  
When His Spirit shall conquer o'er cannon and shell,  
Then all nations, new born, shall arise from hell,  
To welcome His trumpet sound evermore,  
Calling all mankind to Judgment.

## THE JUDGMENT SEAT.

Resting one night in my hammock,  
Eyes unseeing, affixed on space,  
Thought and consciousness afloat  
In exploration of the maze,  
Beyond man's realm and limitation,  
In freedom unconfined,  
A contact struck of profound sensation,  
That carried impress to my mind.

Beat: Beat: Beat:;  
In measure clear and deep,  
Each mighty throb pulsating,  
From a centre gravitating,  
To each distant sun, and star, and satellite.

And on each impulse glowing,  
With energy supreme,  
I felt my spirit flowing  
And expanding in the stream;  
Permeated with a vigor  
From each recurring rhythm,  
Like the access from the motor  
Of a mighty organism.

Beat: Beat: Beat:  
Resistance meant defeat,  
Magnetic force attracting,  
By its influence abstracting.  
Life's universal fruit,

In the rapid flowing currents,  
Uniting forming rivers,  
Soon the centre of convergence  
Reached, within the Heart of Nature.  
And now began a process  
Within this organism,  
Sifting, weighing, dealing justice  
With a terrible precision.

Beat: Beat: Beat:  
Each action full, complete,  
One absolute decision,  
No court of revision,  
For influence, wealth or legalite.

Each unit of life vitalic  
Passing through in quick succession  
Nature's centres organic,  
Formed indeed a rare procession.  
From the simple force atomic,  
Through the grades of evolution,  
Molecular, plasmic, embryonic,  
To the highest unit, human.

Beat: Beat: Beat:

Spirit perfect seek,  
Materiality resisting,  
Capable of existing,  
In Eternal Infinite.

And among the countless millions,  
Here and there one appeared,  
Rising as on mighty pinions,  
Self-sustaining, unafraid.  
And to these a portal opened,  
Lighting up the mass of sadness,  
With a moment's vision blessed,  
Filled with hope, and joy, and gladness.

Beat: Beat: Beat:

They who enter must repeat,  
By effort striving,  
And achieving,  
Soul's dominion, self defeat.

Thence the process led us further,  
Through a multitude of stations,  
Cleansing, building up of character,  
Purer, deeper imaginations,  
With a broader width of purpose,  
Confirming nature's laws, immutable,  
Fixed on evolution's basis,  
Even where they seem inscrutable.

Beat: Beat: Beat:

The labor is now replete,  
With the essence  
Of nature's presence,  
Resume thy service incomplete.

And some there were had entered,  
Clothed in purple robes, and gold,  
Returning now pride humbled,  
To delve among the mould.  
Still others in happy absence,  
The accepted of the Blest,  
Had suffered earthly sacrifice,  
To find at last their rest.

Beat: Beat: Beat:

In sums of force and heat,  
This fluid impregnating,  
In vitality ~~desseminating~~, *desseminating*  
All the universe from nature's seat.

Conforming to their merit,  
In advancing nature's progress,  
Resumed atom, force and unit,  
Their place within her service,  
And some there were who mounted high,  
But many retrograded,  
And some of common fibre ply,  
Like myself, were reinstated.

Beat: Beat: Beat:

Be thou no longer weak,  
Spirit reincarnated,  
Force regenerated,  
Volition free, thy duty seek.

## THE CROSS ROAD.

They, who stand on life's pinnacle "Time,"  
And gaze back o'er the weary roads,  
That stretch afar, and up and down,  
Till the view is lost in the mist that clouds  
And closes each door at the horizon,  
Must have felt the sting of a whip and goad.  
For none may come and none may go,  
Without sounding the depths of weal and woe.  
From some pinnacle deep in the shades of hell,  
From some hill or crag, hear the notes of a bell,  
That calls for an answering echo.

Then slowly awaken the senses asleep,  
Drunken and sodden with pleasure and lust,  
To the resounding blows and the marching feet,  
Of the hosts and armies midst the smoke and dust,  
In the throes of hell's dark infernal heat,  
That blinds out the light of hope and trust,  
For none may come and none may go,  
Without sounding the depths of weal and woe,  
From some pinnacle deep in the shades of hell,  
From some hill or crag, hear the notes of a bell,  
That calls for an answering echo.

Grim and stark are the phantoms seen,  
That struggle in muck and slime,  
And everywhere, as the sight grows keen,  
To the mirrored reflections of error and crime,  
One face distorted and low and mean,  
Slowly evolves and that is mine.  
For none may come and none may go,  
Without sounding the depths of weal and woe,  
From some pinnacle deep in the shades of hell,  
From some hill or crag, hear the notes of a bell,  
That calls for an answering echo.

Heart and mind from the horrors recoil,  
The strength we had felt is lost,  
We tremble, and falter, and stumble, and fall,  
On the brink of the precipice see the cost,  
So out of our anguish is born a soul,  
That seizes and clings to the cross.  
For none may come and none may go,  
Without sounding the depths of weal and woe,  
From some pinnacle deep in the shades of hell,  
From some hill or crag, hear the notes of a bell,  
And return the glad answering echo.

## WHAT BOON IS THIS TO DIE.

Through bars of dim and misty sight,  
Imprisoned spirit strains for light.

A tired voice in sad refrain,  
Asks freedom from its walls of pain ;

Its life of penance here on earth,  
Where birth is death and death is birth. \*1

From deep within I hear this cry,  
What boon is this to die!

To lay down life's accumulation,  
Of experience and information,

Vain regrets and sorrow, grief,  
Empty joys and pleasures brief,

This body weary of the way  
That leads from cradle to decay ;

Filled with knowledge of its failure,  
To serve the needs of mother nature.

Glad to welcome full reward  
Of justice measured in accord,

With the use made of the talents,  
Endowed at birth, hope in the balance,

To find a statement credit,  
Aye de mi! should it be debit.

Still e'en thus, in trust and faith,  
Gladly pass the doors of death ;

Sure that at the judgment seat  
An attorney will defend the weak. \*2

---

\*1. In every true sense, as we are at present constituted, birth is the equivalent of death, while death in its truest reality is birth. See "The Judgment Seat," page 19 and also in the last few stanzas of the present poem for two true conceptions of the real state, meaning, and condition of death.

\*2. In "The Judgment Seat" again referred to, Verse 3, an absolute judgment is implied, a judgment based on perfect justice,

One, who from experience,  
Can plead the cause of man's defense.

He, who here attained perfection,  
His life of sacrifice, His Passion,

For us a willing sign and proof  
To guide us if we but behoof.

On Him alone can we depend,  
All of us, who at the end,

Review a life of fallacy,  
Through Him alone can hope for mercy.

That even failure to advance,  
May yet obtain another chance,

To suffer not the degradation  
We truly merit in the station,

To which the future us assign;  
Woe to him whose sins consign

Without the pale of penitence;  
Woe to him his recompense!

To him no future but to slave,  
Nor know the sweetness of the grave.

Enchained mayhap to mechanism,  
Without the realm of vitalism.

---

automatically applied in accord with all the known qualities of God, as shown in His infallible natural laws, but in the execution of such a judicial process, the quality of mercy for the weak is of necessity an integral part. Yet more, its widest application to man, may, and in all probabilities was, permanently affected when the Human Christ was evolved; or this could be better expressed by saying, when the first human organism was perfected to react truly to the Holy Spirit of God, a Being capable of expressing perfectly by word, precept and example in terms that could not be denied, the true nature of The Infinite and Eternal Father; so that this quality of mercy, of which all human judicial systems have taken cognizance, was, we may well believe, through the life experiences and death of Christ, limited and qualified so as to involve the essential Doctrine of Christ, that atonement and of salvation, whereby anyone believing and accepting, in whatsoever degree, The Christ, such belief and acceptance should eternally and automatically qualify the Judgment of God in relation to such, thereby becoming a newly exacted infallible law, to save such from retrocession below the confines of the human race, but not within these confines.

Perhaps to live in chemic action,  
To long exist in putrefaction,

Or bound within some static force,  
A slave to law without recourse,

Or hope to e'er escape,  
No power of will to elevate,

Save as by action of good persistent,  
Shall conquer evil's strength resistant,

And grow through "evolution,"  
To simple plasmic attribution.

Nature's lowest unit sensate,  
Whose functions weak, discriminate.

Its power highly centralized  
Within a nucleus organized.

In which low state of aggregation  
Is seen the model of creation.

The record clear epitomized  
In chromatic fibres sensitized. \*3

Where first we find that sacrifice  
Through birth and death is the key to life;

Wherein the cell by segmentation,  
Martyrs self in act fruition;

Obeys laws of higher good;  
Its joy unselfish parenthood.

And by this nascent fealty  
To creation's plan attained ability

To join in action mutual,  
In primal union governmental,

Developed parts by variation,  
Sensate organs by adaptation.

---

\*3. The peculiar attributes and qualities of the chromatic fibres or chromosomes are more fully referred to in "The Wanderer" and in the footnote on page 31.

Conditioned by environment  
Every cell its lesson learnt,

To do its duty and obey,  
A centered will, unto which they,

React as we to impulse also  
From a source without our Ego.

Mighty force of evil good,  
In its dual qualitude.

Evil ever the pole resistant,  
Good restrains to act consistent.

Evil, ignorant, fearful, vain,  
Good, intelligent, courageous, sane.

Evil, slave of lustful pleasure,  
Good, fullgrown to freeman's stature.

Evil narrow, conservative.  
Good, a radical, positive,

Seeking variation, progress, change,  
Filled with theories, new and strange.

Dreamchild, conceived by faith and love,  
Spirit descended from above,

Crowned with beauty, joy and grace,  
Trust and hope shines on his face ;

That wings imagination's soaring flight,  
That fires reasons burning light,

Gilds the tongue of eloquence  
And thrills the lyre to cadence ;

Source and power of genius,  
Inspired to guide and lead us.

But evil is our rigid heritage,  
In error and sin his parentage.

An old and hoary miser grasping  
Earth's present joys and pleasures blasting

All the hope of man's redemption  
By his narrow self-pretention.

Anchored deep in earth material,  
Bars our spirit's flight aerial;

Makes us weakly falter, fear,  
Nor nature's cry to battle hear;

Leads us the cowards course to take  
Of jealous vanity, sin, and hate:

So blinds our eyes and clouds our sense,  
No vision true may reach conscience;

Glorifies stagnation, vice,  
Nor sees decay and death the price,

That leads to degradation,  
Reversion and degeneration.

But Thou we thank that optimism  
Shall ever conquer pessimism;

That no mistake e'er made by good,  
Where selfish evil was subdued,

But serves true purpose in creation,  
Whose merit at the consummation,

Shall surely reap its prize,  
Of meed and honor due the wise,

They, who suffer willing sacrifice,  
Of self to aid advance, the price.

For truth is progress neutral,  
Child, of growth, experimental,

Attained by action and reaction,  
Advance, mistake and retrocession;

But naught once gained surrenders,  
Its lessons buried deep remembers,

Which in their time and place arise,  
Confounding fools and otherwise,

Whose minds affixed on speculation,  
Pretend to rise beyond their station,

In truth's one guiding quality,  
Of simple sacrifice to duty ;

By study and obedience  
To the lessons taught by experience.

Wherein 'tis seen that right and wrong  
Are products of opinion ;

Must not with their prototypes,  
Be confounded, virtue, vice.

The former mayhap but be mistake,  
The latter habit or abuse will make.

Know that all things have a use,  
And as well a reverse abuse ;

That in equilibrium,  
Truth is found and right opinion ;

At whose habit to attain,  
Plato's ancient virtues strain.

While, ever, rigid, dogmatic creed,  
To stagnation and retrocession lead.

Note the steps of "evolution,"  
Pharisaic creed, Christ's revolution,

Retaining true Mosaic law,  
Wherein experience found no flaw,

From out the chaff of human weakness,  
Sifting all the proven greatness,

Engrafting from Confucianism,  
Humanity's fundamental idealism ;

Unto others even do  
As wouldst have them do to you ;

Guiding force reciprocal,  
Christianity's power centripetal

Herein is where volition lies,  
Man's present hope of future rise ;

Learn each his own responsibility,  
Then accept with deep humility,

His place and rank and station,  
With perfect knowledge and realization,

That existence, present, past and future,  
Is something permanent, fixed and sure,

Unto which we all pertain,  
Each his own reward and blame,

Is and has and will be measured,  
According to the lessons treasured,

Absorbed, fixed or lost,  
But woe to him, this last, the cost ;

Though he be crowned with wealth and power,  
Or falsely gained human honor ;

Woe to him, when death shall toll,  
His blackened, weakened, shrivelled soul,

Stark naked to its judgment,  
Before All-Nature Sentient.

Surely then will be made plain,  
The why and wherefore, end and aim,

Of this life's rewards unequal,  
In nature's justice find the sequel,

And reason for our spirit's cry,  
What boon is this, "In Truth," to die !

## PREFETORY NOTE TO "THE WANDERER."

In view of the wide difference of opinion which still exist between strongly antagonistic groups regarding the question of evolution, the writer deems it expedient to present to the lay reader just one fact in evidence which is not generally known.

Until recently the procedure in testing blood stains to determine their origin, whether human or animal, was involved in great difficulty and uncertainty. Now, however, this is no longer the case.

If a dried stain be dissolved in water and a few drops be mixed separately with a small amount of blood from various animals, for example with that of a person, a dog, a cat and a horse, and then each be observed under the microscope, in some of these admixtures it will be seen that the fresh blood corpuscles are being dissolved and destroyed by the action of the dried blood, while in one only this will not take place but the two will harmonize perfectly. This harmony can only take place in bloods derived from animals of the same family. It is not important that the blood be from a particular breed of dog or of horse or of human being. Within the family relationship they harmonize perfectly. Outside they do not.

In this connection, a bizarre fact was also discovered. This is that the blood of the anthropoid apes (chimpanzees, gibbons and oranges) harmonize perfectly with the bluest of human blood.

(See Salesby's Organic Evolution, pp. 76-77.)

This fact would seem to require no comment but it may be well to amplify it slightly by saying that this harmony ceases at this point and does not extend to the lower apes and monkeys which are thus evidently outside of direct human connection and relationship.

As stated elsewhere, students and readers must guard themselves against hasty judgment. No claim is made by science that human beings are descended from apes, but it is claimed that both have a common ancestor from which the ape is a degenerate descendant, while the human being is a regenerate ascendant, which is quite a different thing and well worth noting for its personal and also its christian doctrinal bearing.

Furthermore the point involved does not touch the root of the real trouble which causes the intellectual divergence of opinion over the question of evolution. In this not blood but consciousness is the technical point involved which makes it a question of psychology and not of biology. The writer from his studies and experiences is convinced that consciousness is the increasing (or evolutionary) desire of God, who is Himself the Infinite Ideal, seeking and demanding perfect material or substantial expression. Furthermore that this takes place in an ever wider and fuller degree; that it is recognized by God in wider and fuller revelation of Himself, accompanied by a deeper insight into and control over His handiwork, until finally perfect attainment is reached, in which God and man find eternal joy and felicity.

This perfection thereby becomes a regnant, spiritual unit or personality, like unto God Himself, and at the same time becomes the realized standard in control of the sphere of action under consideration, in this case that of humanity, the model or law to which we must conform.

Through the processes of life, death, and change, the connection between God and His handiwork is never lost, each perfected attainment going to add to the growth and enhance the spiritual power and

broaden the control vested in the primal spiritual unit, while failure reaps its own reward. In death realization is complete, so that the sensate individual becomes his own judge, and were it not for the infinite mercy and love of God and of Christ, hope would flee forever from the human breast. We, and by we I mean, all nature sensate, in the presence of this realization and with full knowledge of our own waywardness would indeed condemn ourselves to the fiery hell of primitive theology from which God in the first instance and Christ in the second save us, granting us forgiveness, unless indeed we present ourselves with a loss instead of gain, of virtue and of spirituality. Even then the judgment does not involve us in any other fiery torment than that of degeneracy and of a full realization of the meaning of this, which to the writer's mind would be quite hell enough. The upward climb has been to my mind sufficiently hard and I don't care to lose one inch of the ground gained but rather to leap forward to the goal now while I can and be sure of it. This one and all may do.

### THE WANDERER.

A babe within his cradle lay,  
New molden, beating form of clay,  
Launched forth into the light of day;  
Primordial mite of protoplasm,  
From time and space to bridge their chasm,  
Unite life's strands of chromatasm. 1\*

In him can trace the proud descent  
Of all the races occident;  
Angle, Teuton, Gaul and Celt,  
Roman, Greek and Aryan,  
Ham and Shem to root Caucasian,  
Whence Adam and Eve left the branch Turanian.

All history's tale in him concrete,  
The tangled skein is full complete,  
Impressed in nuclear fibres deep;  
Nature's microgenetic scroll,  
Her record fixed in roll on roll,  
Of graphic film, embryonic soul.

---

\*1. For the information of those who have not had time or opportunity to investigate for themselves the facts of modern biology, a short explanation of the composite parts and qualities of cells, and especially of reproductive or germ cells, is necessary, to aid them to an understanding of this poem.

Nearly everyone now knows that the single protoplasmic cell is at the basis of all organic life, whether simple or complex. It is also generally known that it divides repeatedly in the very lowest orders to reproduce separate and distinct individual organisms and in the higher to reproduce and form the complex body, which also thus becomes eventually a separate and distinct individual of a certain fixed class or type.

From each united ancestral strand,  
That backwards through the ages grand,  
The message upward bore to man;  
Through countless variant, vagrant roads,  
The stream has ebbed; the stream has flowed;  
Each errant branch some truth bestowed.

No epoch past, no single stage,  
But marked mistakes on nature's page,  
To warn and guide from error's wage.  
Conditioned by environment,  
Each era's form obedient,  
Arose to heights predominant.

But as this pregnant whirling sphere,  
This vital throbbing mother, dear,  
Rides on towards fruition clear,  
Her every changing form and feature,  
Must ever choose some fitting creature,  
To serve as heir primogeniture.

---

It is further known that all cells are organic, in that they have a central nucleus, surrounded by an outer body; also that they show powers of discrimination in the ingestion, digestion and assimilation of food and, even in the simplest forms, some motile power.

What is not so generally known is the well-ordered unity that marks the simplest and the most complex cell life, and the intimate knowledge which science has acquired of certain organic facts of great human interest. These we will try to summarize as briefly as possible:

Within the nucleus there appears under microscopic examination two specialized substances, one of which can be readily stained or which reacts to and readily absorbs coloring matter, while the other remains practically unaffected. They bear a relationship to one another somewhat like that of a boat afloat in water, an object and its medium of existence, in this case a sensitive object. This substance is called chromatin and its medium achromatin.

Now in the process of growth of the cell, the internuclear substances seem to have little or no interest, but when the cell has reached maturity, the chromatin which has been variously described as a ball, skein or network of somewhat indefinite formation, begins to unwind and then to separate into a certain number of separate rods called chromosomes. These proceed to align themselves abreast and then to be pulled apart at what we are compelled to believe is the exact median line, so that each hemisphere of the nucleus contains exactly one half of each rod. After this the walls of the cell close in on the nucleus and the whole divides bearing with each daughter cell a corresponding half of the internuclear substance and of the chromosomes.

The number of cromosomes involved in the process in every distinct order of life is invariable which fact is stated by Thomson in "The Wonder of Life" pp. 380 as follows: "In each cell in the body of an organism there is normally a nucleus or kernal, and within the nucleus a definite number of readily stainable rods, or loops, or granules

Alone could reach such high gradation,  
The units wisest in creation,  
In experience gained through variation,  
By an ever lengthening servitude,  
Of patient, joyous parenthood,  
Obedient to love, the unselfish good.

Whence cells in families congregated,  
To special functions dedicated,  
For mutual service federated.  
Reactive to primal law commutable,  
Conferred through life and death transmutable,  
To perfect justice attributable.

Until at last in form resplendent,  
The final fruit and seed ascendent,  
Evolved to heritage transcendent.  
In which complete elaborated,  
True embryo of hope awaited,  
The touch Almighty, self-conscious freighted.

Since first with eyes upturned to heaven,  
In thought conceived therein the question,  
That spurred him up and into action ;  
No backward glance to paradise,  
Could serve his footsteps to entice,  
Until should win his vision's heights.

---

called chromosomes. Each kind of living creature has a particular number, thus there are twenty-four in man, mouse and lily, sixteen in ox, guinea pig and onion, twelve in the grasshopper, two in one of the threaworms and so on. There is no doubt that these chromosomes are very important, and most biologists regard them as the bearers of hereditary qualities. It is quite safe to say that the chromosomes along with the other germinal constituents, stand in some definite casual relation to the adult characters. Now the remarkable fact is that, while the immature germ (or reproductive) cells have the same number of chromosomes as the body cells of the species under consideration, which he designates as (N), the mature germ cells have only one half that number (the other half having been gotten rid of by a very beautiful and wonderfully complicated process) producing a cell with its hereditary qualities divided, which he formulates as  $\frac{N}{2}$ . By certain circumstances, equally wonderfully and variantly regulated, to mature germ or reproductive cells are brought together and conjugate, a male and female cell, each bearing half of the parents hereditary qualities from which union of  $\frac{N}{2} + \frac{N}{2} = N$ ; a new complete cell capable of dividing and subdividing itself and building up a new body the counterpart of its parents, is created.

I have taken the liberty of varying somewhat the phraseology of the authority quoted in order to better adapt it to my subject matter.

In the currents of life flowing free day by day ;  
In the depths of pure soul that by night lit his way ;  
In the order and purpose that the universe sway ;  
Saw Jehovah, on high, upon his white throne,  
The God of Command, He, whose will must be done,  
E'er the dreams of His prophets upon earth could be won.

Thus first knew his weakness, his need, and dependence ;  
To Nature's God from his knees cried out for true guidance ;  
Sent upward burnt incense to appease the Just Vengeance ;  
Then into man's soul, full awakened at last,  
New currents divinely inspiring passed,  
With the spiritual leaven of intelligence fast.

Thence to trace from crude beginning,  
On and up time's pathway winning,  
The growing webs of conscience spinning ;  
All the tongues through history coined,  
Had failed, though for this end purloined,  
Till intelligence and love in Christ were joined.

In Him, God's prototype of truth,  
The earth at last gave certain proof,  
That her life should yet bear perfect fruit.  
When mind in men should truly learn,  
Reaction to Christ's immortal sperm,  
Which once conceived must eternal burn.

But ever since the tasted fruit  
Of knowledge gained its first recruit,  
A soldier bound to its pursuit ;  
Slaves had been to false ambition,  
Lost their past of sweet submission,  
Peace and content in Nature's Eden.

Within whose sylvan glades and dells,  
In bliss of ignorance still dwells,  
A myriad genetic mental cells :  
Led on by rhythm of pure sensation,  
Fast to the threshold of aspiration,  
The ladder ascending to inspiration.

---

This subject will bear following up, and those desiring to do so cannot do better than to study the book above referred to; Bergson's *Problems of Life and Reproduction* and, for a more elementary study, "Salesby's *Organic Evolution*" can be recommended, but the student should not form definite opinions on these subjects until they have followed them to considerable length. A book which is well qualified to assist in this however is "Fiske's *Through Nature to God*."

Whence life's processes evolutionary,  
By ideal conception rudimentary,  
Beget new relation supplementary.  
Where love by contact with its essence,  
Perceives true reason for its presence,  
Beyond immediate state and influence.

That mind and matter from state zymotic, \*2  
Must be wrought into unison by action zygotic,  
Perfect justice enacted for each progress chronotic.  
For on experience is founded this primal precept,  
That existence is bounded by cause and effect,  
Through genesis evolved from Ideal Concept.

For what are the facts of existence but these,  
Through the ages compounded into realities,  
Obeying the precepts true experience decrees.  
Then consider the meaning, the state and relation,  
That man and his projects thus bear to creation,  
How each thought, word and deed must find justification.

So what is God, if not the Infinte Ideal,  
Whose virgin conception first started the wheel  
Of Love's Holy Spirit which makes the universe feel?  
And what is His Son but His ideal reflection,  
Attained and made manifest by the virgin conception, \*3  
In a sublime human soul in the state of perfection?

But mind, what is it, but experience supernal,  
That acts and reacts through divine will eternal,  
On the facts of existence found in matter external?  
And nature's laws and her precepts but experience concrete,  
Spiritual units perfected dealing justice complete,  
Swords of truth that arm love for ignorant evil's defeat?

And what is man but the end filament,  
Of Almighty Creation, in him intelligent,  
Seeking perfect expression but still discontent?  
And what is his babe but the clay sentized,  
To react the precepts in him harmonized  
By a human conception of love realized

- 
2. Zymotic is the fermentative or chaotic state.  
Zygotic is the germinative or organized state.  
Progress chronotic, chronological progress, in order of time.
  3. Virgin conception, a sinless conception, immaculate and innocent, dedicated and consecrated to the ideal, whether it be a physical or mental conception.

Happy the babe in whose cells unite,  
Alpha and beta coils of love shining bright, \*4  
With renunciation's divine gamma light;  
Whose petals of sentience slowly unfolding,  
Shall be sown with wisdom's pure pollen golden,  
Fertile with the truth by the ages molden.

Happy the child, whose acute observation,  
Is fed from love's fountain of self-abnegation,  
With leaven to heighten each nascent sensation;  
Tenderly exposing to each sensitized plate,  
The pictures and precepts true experience dictate,  
To nourish and strengthen and in life imitate.

Happy is he, if the days of his youth,  
Be guided by council and loving reproof,  
To a strong correlation of soul's warp and woof.  
Twice happy when manhood's knock on the door,  
Finds him fitted and ready and armed for the war,  
That shall prove his temper in life's battle roar.

Into whose fibres of body and mind,  
True limits of use and abuse are defined,  
The chasm near which we are marching blind.  
From whose yawning depths of annihilation,  
We may hear the moan of past errant creation,  
If but keyed to react to the warning vibration.

Happy is she, who when womanhood calls,  
Shall bravely face duty whatever befalls,  
With knowledge and purpose enter life's halls.  
Knowing her power and right of election,  
Nor waver nor falter in making selection,  
Not counterfeit gold, but true virile perfection.

Thrice happy are they whose coordinate strands, \*5  
Shall meet thus and join in love's righteous demands,  
Forging true links in Ideal Conception Grand.  
Whose union shall thought, word nor deed desecrate,  
In communion sublime life to life dedicate,  
To Almighty Creation soul to soul consecrate.

---

\*4. These metaphors are derived from the known qualities of the three component emanations from the metal "radium." The alpha and beta rays representing destructive and constructive extremes, while the intermediate gamma rays appear to be a combination of the two and to be truly creative, as is evidenced by the curative qualities of these latter when the two former are filtered out.

Happy the age and happy the nation,  
Whose life blood is fluxed in such generation,  
In whose glory the earth shall find consummation;  
When all her forces of life idealized,  
Shall find in her service their hopes realized,  
Truth's Almighty perception in them organized.

Thus each from all blindness and morbidness flee,  
With a song on our lips whate'er our burdens may be,  
Face the future with the courage of reality;  
That knows feels and act in complete correspondence,  
With every impulse for good whose contact is the evidence,  
Of that fulness of love that is proof of obedience.

That carries no load through life's portals of time,  
Of experience unworthy of God's Ideal Divine,  
Where rejection is death from eternity sublime.  
But a soul overflowing with Christ's burden of love,  
That no more knows the shadow of God's crucified dove,  
But felicity complete in His Unity above.

---

\*5. The writer would not wish to be misunderstood as favoring any idealistic experiments in sexual relationships. The system of strict monogamy, publically consecrated by appropriate religious ceremonial, and privately consecrated in the hearts of the interested parties with an intelligent comprehension of life's responsibilities before and after entering the marital state, will some day relieve the race from the sins of misconduct, divorce and prevent people from hurriedly entering upon a relationship affecting not themselves alone but all of us. If not some proper means will become necessary to curb present unbridled license. And if we do not do this voluntarily, Nature will, in her usual painful way, and then see that you not rebel against your merited correction.

## GOD'S WORKSHOP.

Dedicated to a dear, little friend, who died, and whose loved ones  
could not understand.

Love one morning at break of day,  
Went into her garden to ramble and play;  
When down at her feet an angel fell.  
That had lost his way and had almost reached hell.  
His wings were broken; his sight nigh gone;  
His heart scarce beat; he was weary and worn;  
A long, long night he had striven through,  
Upheld by a memory that he hardly knew;  
That if he only would ceaselessly hope and pray,  
God's strength would sustain him till the new dawn of day  
Should show him the garden of hope's delight,  
Where fallen angels find a welcome bright;  
Where tender hands would lift him up;  
Bind up his wounds; bid him freely to sup  
From hope's living fountains of faith and love,  
Till once again strong for his journey above.  
But all the doctors and nurses there  
Were but partly cured patients of love's tender care;  
And most of the doctors were jealous and vain,  
By their blindness and pride, hope had all but slain;  
While the nurses were thoughtless, lazy or mad;  
Weak, rough and nigh worthless, but none were quite bad.  
So love was kept busy from morning to night  
Dealing orders and justice to left and to right;  
Instructing her children, both the new and the old,  
With faith at her side to uplift and uphold.  
Now love you can feel, taste, see, hear and smell,  
But faith is a spirit and an ideal as well.  
Her children unheeding, love's gifts misused,  
For her lessons and justice Holy Spirit accused.  
While the doctors had seized an empty shadow of faith,  
And themselves ordained masters to judge and to hate.  
But sometimes a faint glimmer of truths bright sheen  
Was the joyous reward by love's labors seen;  
And this was all that her true heart asked,  
For times without number, yes for times and a half. \*1  
Till at last, one bright morning, a pure light gleamed,  
Out from the eyes of an earth-born streamer.  
And many that were sick and thoughtless and mad,  
Yes, even some that were weak, worthless and nigh bad;  
By the touch of His hand were cured and made clean,  
And followed and worshipped Truth's bright, shining gleam,  
Which the doctor's all saw with jealous envy and hate,

And sought for some manner in safety to take.

Then hate shrewdly whispered, "Ask Him for a proof of His  
might";

For well hate knew this was like asking white  
To be false to its purity and paint itself black;  
Or Truth to put His parents, love and faith, on the rack.  
So all that He answered was; "Thy will be done,  
If this cup I must drink that man's victory be won".  
So they took Him and raised Him high on the cross,  
Blindly thinking to thus prove the "Son of Man" false;  
When this was the one thing needful to prove  
To His brethren beloved how every perfect thing moves;  
To show them the road, the way and the law,  
We must fearlessly tread, all who upward would draw  
Our brothers and sisters, to lighten the dread  
That has darkened the portal twixt the living and dead;  
A beacon whose gleam would shine down the ages,  
Love and faith's payment full in eternity's wages;  
Bridging death's chasm with the Christ Light of Truth;  
When humanity all from the days of their youth  
Shall give heed and attend to His sacred example;  
Then all nations and races will find government ample  
In the book of His law, with its truth full revealed  
In the states of existence in God's handiwork concealed.

\*1. See Daniel 12:7, which interpreted means, times without number, yes, for times and a half, that is for an eternity of patience and even for eternity and half beyond, which seems to be the ultimate expression of this divine quality.

FINIS.





God is The Infinite Ideal, the All-Environing Soul, the  
Supreme Intelligence and Master Mind of Supernal  
Experience, Seeking Perfect Finite Expression

In the Creation of a Continuous Cosmos of Order and Purpose,  
of Beauty, Harmony, Sympathy, and Unselfishness,

*By The Synthesis of Love.*

Out of a Discontinuous Chaos of Disorder and Lack of  
Purpose, of Discord, Ugliness, Jealousy and Egotism,  
in the Antithesis of Hate.

The Universe is God's Workshop.

Faith is His Vision and Design.

Hope is His Philosophy and Religion .

The Five Senses are His Fingers, His Delicately Adjusted  
Tools.

The Faculties are The Strings of the Finite Soul upon which  
He Plays.

Sensations are His Touch

Aspiration is His Incoherent Desire.

Emotion is His Language.

Inspiration is His Voice.

The States of Existence are His Accomplishments.

Nature is His Home.

Nature's Laws are His Perfected, Regnant Children.

His Son is His Ideal Reflection,

A Perfect Intellectual Personality and Spiritual Entity,  
In whom Love and Intelligence are Reunited and Com-  
pletely Reactive,

Expressing The Father's Will and Defining His Nature  
in Perfect Terms,

A Regnant Spiritual Unit governing the Destinies of  
Humanity.

Truth is God's Experience.

Knowledge is God's Self-Revelation to a World over which  
His Son is becoming increasingly Regnant, through God's  
Clearing House of Death, wherein Acceptable Experience  
enters into Eternal Felicity as an integral part of God's  
Truth and Unity, while rejected experience is consigned to  
its Just Place in the relative scale of Facts and States  
Existent to work out its Justification.

God's Ultimate Purpose is the Creation of Finite Children  
worthy of Inheriting All-Knowledge and of being  
Entrusted with All-Truth and Power.

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